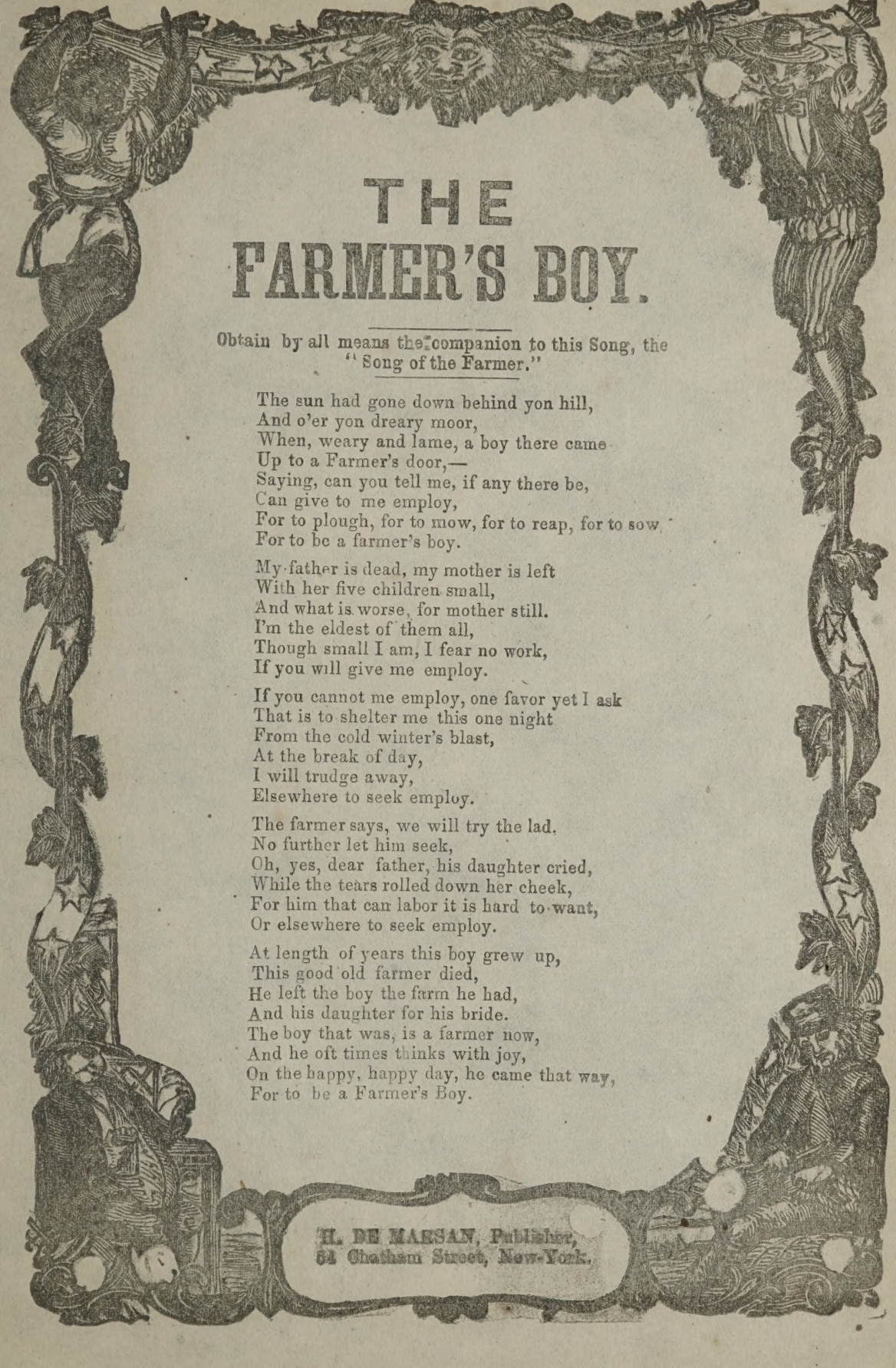




THE FARMER'S BOY.

Obtain by all means the companion to this Song, the
"Song of the Farmer."

The sun had gone down behind yon hill,
And o'er yon dreary moor,
When, weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a Farmer's door,—
Saying, can you tell me, if any there be,
Can give to me employ,
For to plough, for to mow, for to reap, for to sow,
For to be a farmer's boy.

My father is dead, my mother is left
With her five children small,
And what is worse, for mother still.
I'm the eldest of them all,
Though small I am, I fear no work,
If you will give me employ.

If you cannot me employ, one favor yet I ask
That is to shelter me this one night
From the cold winter's blast,
At the break of day,
I will trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ.

The farmer says, we will try the lad.
No further let him seek,
Oh, yes, dear father, his daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek,
For him that can labor it is hard to want,
Or elsewhere to seek employ.

At length of years this boy grew up,
This good old farmer died,
He left the boy the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride.
The boy that was, is a farmer now,
And he oft times thinks with joy,
On the happy, happy day, he came that way,
For to be a Farmer's Boy.

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